

SCRIPT TITLE

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FADE IN:

INT.

TITLE

Episode One - The Shadow Of Aries

War was always here. Before man  
was, war waited for him.

The ultimate trade awaiting its  
ultimate practitioner.

- Cormac McCarthy, Blood Meridian

INT. C. S. NAPOLEON/TRAM STATION - AFTERNOON

The tram station is packed with reporters and onlookers. A great crowd has gathered for the arrival of the war hero they've been hearing so much about. Cameramen jockey for the best positions and angles as security forces keep the crowds behind make shift barricades.

A female reporter stands past the barricades in front of her camera man, making final adjustments to her hair. The camera man makes his last adjustments to his focus as the reporter straitens, face stiffens, mind focused on the job. She smiles as the camera man gives the signal.

MICHELLE PEREZ

This is Michelle Perez reporting  
live from Command Station Napoleon  
in orbit around Aries.

The last few months have seen Aries  
torn apart in the deadliest  
fighting seen by Union forces since  
The Insurrection.

What started as a simple rebellion,  
due in large part to the No Safe  
Harbour act, has grown into the  
greatest military debacle in Union  
history.

Through it all we have heard the  
stories of the brave men and women  
of the military trapped on the  
planet's surface after the collapse  
of the Union's main forces.

The camera man pans to the left as an older gentleman in a spotless military uniform steps past the barricades. The old man carries a small glass case in his hands.

MICHELLE PEREZ (CONT'D)  
General Nivelles has appeared on the scene, with the medal in hand. That medal of course is for the man of the hour.

The general positions himself in front of the tram platform. He straightens his jacket as an aide swarms around him, making sure everything is perfect.

MICHELLE PEREZ (CONT'D)  
Captain Davis, the Shadow of Aries as the press has been calling him. The last soldier to leave the burning planet. Story after story as come to tell us of this myth of a man. Countless soldiers and civilians alike crediting him with saving their lives.

The crowd quiets as a tram glides into the station. The cameraman zooms in over the reporter's shoulder to get a solid shot of the tram doors.

MICHELLE PEREZ (CONT'D)  
Here he is, at last, back on friendly ground after being in enemy territory for half a year.

The doors slide open. Davis stands in the doorway, looking at the massive crowd before him. He's temporarily blinded as the flash from a hundred cameras blink at him. His uniform is dirty, still blood soaked from friends and foes fallen in battle. His forehead is marked with the dried bloody scab of a healing cut, his right arm is bandaged below the shoulder from another wound.

The General stands at attention with the case in his left hand as the Captain exits the tram. His gaze stiffens as the crowd erupts into wild cheers. Davis advances toward the general at a quick pace, his fist clenching in anger.

The General snaps a salute as the Captain nears. Davis ignores it, continuing his advance. His fist comes up, punching the General in the face without ever breaking his stride. The General reels back from the unexpected blow as Davis continues past, the case falling harmlessly to the ground.

The camera man follows Davis as he slips into the crowd, then jumps back to the medal and the recovering General. As the shocked aide hurries away with the general, the camera man returns to the equally astonished reporter.

MICHELLE PEREZ (CONT'D)  
Um, a uh, unexpected turn of events  
here at Command Station Napoleon.  
Now back to UNN headquarters on  
Earth for the latest breaking news  
and up to the minute analyses.

The cameraman lowers the camera, motioning that they are off air.

MICHELLE PEREZ (CONT'D)  
The fuck was that about?

INT. C. S. NAPOLEON/COL. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Davis walks up to a desk outside of an office wearing fresh uniforms and having showered. An attractive women with red hair sits at the desk.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Sheila.

The secretary seems pleased to see him. Her concern bleeding through her business like demeanor.

SHEILA  
Davis. Welcome back.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Is the Colonel in?

SHEILA  
Not yet. You can wait in his office  
if you like.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Thanks.

He says briskly. The Captain takes a step toward the Colonel's office door, but is stopped as Sheila calls out to him.

SHEILA  
Davis?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Yeah?

SHEILA

Are you...

She drops the business tone, openly showing her concern. The Captain's eyes narrow in constrained anger.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Am I what?

SHEILA

Are you okay? I heard a lot of stories about what happened down there. If you ever want to talk about-

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I'm fine.

The Captain turns a cold shoulder to Sheila, heading into the Colonel's office.

The office is made of the same clean metals as the rest of the station. One of the walls of the office holds a large window that looks out at the swirling blue planet. Off to the right is an expensive oak desk, with papers neatly arranged on the surface. Two leather chairs sit in front of the desk with a high backed leather office chair behind it.

Davis strolls over to the desk. On it's center is an issue of Space/Time with Nivelle on the cover. The Captain tosses it down in disgust. He finds himself drifting to the window, caught in the pull of the planet looming out in the distance.

The Captain stands in front of the glass, his hands joining behind his back in reflex.

EXT. ARIES/PHOBOS - EVENING

Captain Davis and his Lieutenant, Tobias, walk down the dusty streets of a market. The stalls of farmers and market vendors line the street, a few feet from their mass produced, shipping container houses.

The two soldiers casually scan their surroundings as they stroll down the street, watching the vendors pack up their wares for the day. They keep their rifles clutched close to their armor in the low ready. Most look at the soldiers with dirty looks from behind the safety of their stalls.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

This is by far the worse place we've ever been stationed.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

What? No way. Hades was way worse.  
Nothing but ice and mountains. I'd  
take fields over that any day. It's  
like Heimdall, but dryer. Less  
plants, more meat.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Ah Heimdall. That was a bitch.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

You were there?

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Of course I was there. Who wasn't?  
Didn't you get one of those shiny  
medals there?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Something like that.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

You think this will turn out as bad  
as that did?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Maybe.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Hopefully not. Heimdall had a  
deeply entrenched rebel movement.  
The people hear just seem pissed  
about No Safe Harbour.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Yeah.

Davis says dismissive. He stops, giving the shops a close  
look.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

What is it?

The Lieutenant ask, gripping his rifle tighter.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

What time is it?

The Lieutenant raises his left arm, to look at the gadget  
covering most of his forearm. It's screen displays 16:40

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Almost seventeen hundred. Why?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Doesn't the market normally close  
at six?

The two look each other in the eye with confusion and concern on their faces.

A massive explosion rocks the ground. The two soldiers reflexively duck their heads, then quickly look to the horizon to see smoke rising in the distance.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
What the fuck was that? Was that  
one our compounds?

The shopkeepers in the market hurry to gather up what is left of their things, trying not to give in to the panic that threatens to take them.

A small ground level shuttle flies down the street, stopping before the Captain. A soldier holds a mounted gun on the top of the shuttle. As the vehicle stops the soldier calls down to the captain.

SOLDIER  
Sir, they hit the supply depot.  
Command reports attacks all over!

The Captain and Lieutenant hop in the shuttle. As it pulls away Davis stares out the open hatch at the horizon, where more plums of smoke are joining the original.

INT. C. S. NAPOLEON/COL. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE

Davis's eyes drop from the window as the memories flood back to him. His head flicks toward the door as he hears it open, the Colonel entering his office.

The Colonel pays no attention to him, angrily stomping toward his desk.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Well?

The Colonel sits down, idly flipping through reports on his desk.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Well what, Davis?

The Colonel shakes his head in disappointment as Davis returns his attention to the window.

The Colonel throws the papers back down on his desk in anger.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

What in the hell were you thinking!  
He's a general for christ's sake,  
on the government's own channel.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

He deserved it.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

I don't give a damn if he deserved  
it. There's a time and a place. You  
couldn't just shake his hand and  
take the damn medal you had to go  
and show off.

Davis turns from the window in a flash of rage, his whole  
body shaking with it.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

That man is responsible for the  
death of thousands of soldiers,  
men, my men, dead because that  
incompetent child wanted to play  
with his new toy!

We were trapped down there, lambs  
for the slaughter because of him  
and you want me to shake his hand?

I'd rip his hand from his body  
joint by joint before I ever shook  
it. He's lucky I didn't shoot him.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

It doesn't make a damn bit of  
difference if he raped your mother  
or spent the last year punching  
babies, he's a general, your  
general.

If it weren't for the press around  
you Command would have you court-  
martialed.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

If it wasn't for the press that  
moron wouldn't have been there to  
begin with.

The Captain turns back to the window.



CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
And he's not my general, not  
anymore.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Yeah, I guess not.

The colonel says, picking up a paper on his desk.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
A request to transfer back to  
Earth. You're going to spend your  
last days training new officers.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
They said the medal comes with  
whatever post I want. I'm done with  
these wars, chasing farmers over  
the hills because the Union wants  
it's taxes.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Safely back on earth. Never took  
you for a coward that wanted to  
sleep in and spend their weekends  
playing golf.

The Captain turns back to him, the anger bubbling up again.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I've earned it. I've spent my whole  
life running around the colonies,  
getting my hands dirty for this  
damned nation.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
And after you finish the last year  
of your contract teaching wet-eared  
recruits, then what?

Again the Captain finds his gaze drifting back to the planet.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I don't know. Maybe I'll go back to  
Heimdall.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Heimdall? Why would you want do  
that? After all the fighting there,  
after everything that happened.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I was born there, my parents were  
from there.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

I thought you said you were raised  
on Earth?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I was. We moved shortly after I was  
born. Even after the fighting  
there, even after I saw half that  
planet burned to ash, I still loved  
it.

Something about the fields and the  
farms. It's so peaceful. I've seen  
enough of cities and rubble. I want  
to feel the grass beneath my feet,  
take a hike through the woods.

The Captain turns away from the window, walking down to the  
take a seat opposite the Colonel.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

That's it then. A whole career down  
the drain. Off to be a farmer.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I can't do it anymore. The  
fighting, the death.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

You've lost people under your  
command before.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Not like this.

Not all of them.

A few here, a few there, that's  
war. This... this was a nightmare.

His eyes lose focus, staring at some unknown point in the  
distance. The Colonel's do the same.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

I know. I remember. People using  
bodies as sandbags. Fighting for  
heaps of cement and hills turned  
into craters...

The Colonel shakes the thoughts away.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
I can't let you do this. You're the  
best damn soldier I have. I'm not  
going to lose you to this.

Davis looks him in the eye.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
It's not your choice.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
No, it's not. But I am responsible  
for it.

I've lost men under my command, you  
know that. And you know how deeply  
it affects you. How it changes you  
like nothing else can.

Don't think for a second that  
losing you to some academy isn't  
going to hurt me just as bad as if  
I had lost you to a rebel's rifle.

(PAUSE)

You were meant for this Davis, it's  
who you are.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Right, a bloody thirsty monster for  
the peasants to scare there  
children with.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
That's not what I mean. There's  
more to being a soldier than  
shooting a rifle. More to being a  
leader than giving orders.

You're one of the finest people  
I've ever served with. The Union  
will be worse off without you.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
They'll manage. Plenty of fresh  
recruits to take my place on the  
battle line.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Of course there will. How many of  
them will be as brave or as smart  
as you?

(MORE)

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
How many will give up to become  
farmers?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
What would you have me do?

Davis says exploding with anger.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
You think I want to go to the  
colonies to settle down and have a  
family and spend my days staring at  
cows?

Do you have any idea what it was  
like? You may have been there in  
the beginning, but you were safe up  
here at the end.

It's not about dying, about  
wondering whether or not you were  
going to wake up every time you  
went to sleep. That never mattered.  
Death was like breathing. You  
didn't even notice it.

No. It was the madness. It was the  
shock and fury of constant battle.  
It was wondering over a cold meal  
of scraps you found in the trash of  
how many more friends you could  
hold in your arms, how many more  
times you could watch the life of  
someone you love drain from their  
eyes.

Davis looks away as he feels tears welling in his eyes. He  
closes them, forcing the tears away. With a deep breath he  
turns back to the Colonel.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Do you know why I enlisted? It  
wasn't for the money, or the  
adventure or the benefits. I didn't  
give a damn about going to college  
or seeing the universe.

I wanted to serve my country, my  
species, out there in the dangerous  
expanses of space. I believed the  
lies about helping the colonist  
build a better tomorrow, about  
protecting are people from the  
shadows that lurk behind the stars.

(MORE)

## CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)

And then I join up and spend all my time fighting rebels. And you know what? I don't even care about that. Fuck rebels. Bunch of pissy little farmers don't want to follow the rules. Don't understand that without the Union one of the other species would conquer them for sport.

I always believed in the Union, believed that they had the colonist best interest at heart, but after this... after seeing how many of their own men they through away out of sheer indifference.

Nivelle's blunder was one thing, but abandoning us after the fact. Leaving us trapped down there with no support, no plans for withdraw, no evac.

## COLONEL WASHINGTON

I know... I know.

The two men sit in silence for a moment. Finally, the Colonel breaks the silence. The tones of anger are gone from both men's voices. Replaced by subtle tones of somber.

## COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Do you know why I left?

Davis looks at Washington, lost.

## COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Aries. Do you know why I left?

## CAPTAIN DAVIS

No. I thought it was to sit on Nivelle's war cabinet. To decide whether or not to deploy the superweapon.

## COLONEL WASHINGTON

No. I did sit on the cabinet, but that was later. You remember Heimdall, all those years ago? How bad the fighting was. God, now it pales in comparison to Aries, but then...

It changed us, I think.

(MORE)

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

We had fought pirates and there was  
the brief war of the Insurrection,  
if you could even call it a war.

We had never fought on the ground  
like that, amongst the civilians.

The Colonel trails off, lost in his thoughts.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

I gave you your first medal after  
that campaign, and sent you to  
officer school.

The Colonel gives a warm, grandfatherly smile at the memory.  
It fades as he turns back to the task at hand.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

After that, I went back to command  
and I turned in a paper much like  
this one.

The colonel says tapping the transfer papers on his desk.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

I had six months left on my  
contract. My brother had bought a  
factory on Thor and I was going to  
help him run it. My C-O didn't  
care. He barely knew me.

I spent those six months on Tyr,  
sitting in on meetings, coming up  
with new strategies, going over  
what we had learned from the  
Heimdall Rebellion.

During that time I came up with a  
new directive, an idea for a  
special task force. Pouring over  
the data it became clear to me why  
the Union was having so many  
problems. We were stretched too  
thin.

We expanded too fast, didn't have  
the fleets to protect everyone. In  
turn the colonist wondered why  
their taxes were so high if we  
couldn't even stop a few pirate  
raids.

Just before my contract ran out I  
took a trip back to earth.

(MORE)

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

I had pulled a few strings, called in a few favors and gotten a meeting with Strategic High Command, the biggest of the big brass. Pitched them my idea.

They liked it, but said a few bugs needed to be ironed out, and they were right. But it renewed my hope, and I renewed my contact, stayed on for a while longer.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

What does this have to do with you leaving Aries?

COLONEL WASHINGTON

I'm getting there.

When Aries happened the big wigs back on Earth new something had to change. Every rebellion is another opportunity for the other species to take us out. Every soldier and ship lost makes us a more appealing target.

I think a few of them might have even cared. That so many were unhappy, that we were doing such a terrible job of holding the system together.

My little proposal started appearing on a lot of desks. They came to realize that I was correct in my understanding of the problem, and how to fix it.

The reason why I was pulled off Aries, and believe me I did not go willingly, was because I was summoned by the Council.

Davis' eyes widen in shock.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

As in *the* Council?

The Colonel nods.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

I tell you, I've been in a lot of sticky situations, some of them with you. But there is nothing scarier than standing across from the seven people at the head of the Union.

They sit up there in that semi-circle bench, looking at you from all sides.

They grilled me about my proposal. Asked me about every idea, every variable. Made every argument they could think of against it.

But with Aries getting worse by the day, with riots spreading on other planets, they knew something had to be done.

They passed it. Right then and there. Put me in charge of the whole damn thing. The happiest moment of my life, don't tell my wife I said that. I knew all wasn't lost. It had restored my hope.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

That's lovely and everything. I'm glad you have reason to stay on, that your hope has been restored.

My hope hasn't been destroyed, it's been so devastatingly harmed that I can't even remember a time when I had it.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

Maybe this can help.

The Colonel slides open a drawer in his desk and takes out a portfolio, handing it to Davis. The Captain opens the folder and begins scanning it's pages and images.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

What is this?

COLONEL WASHINGTON

I call it the Aurora Program. It's the project I created.

The Colonel gets up from his desk and drifts to the window.



CAPTAIN DAVIS

Three ships?

COLONEL WASHINGTON

Three ships. New ships, state of the art. With the finest soldiers as her crew.

Our fleets are few, and slow. They can only react to the big dangers. Meanwhile the men and women of the Union fall through the cracks.

I hope to change that with this Task Force.

The ships answer directly to me, doing whatever needs doing. Whether that be fighting rebels, delivering humanitarian aid, fighting pirates, search and rescue, everything. Even exploration. Whatever is needed for the betterment of the Union.

Without the weight of a bureaucracy. A fast, agile response team for the little guy.

The Captain turns to look up at Washington.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

This says the ships are under Army command?

COLONEL WASHINGTON

That's right. It wasn't easy to get High Command to approve that. But it's necessary. Most soldiers are on ships for transport or boarding actions, but the ship in this case serves the ground crew. The missions will largely be on the ground, having the Army in overall command makes since.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

And the squids are okay with that?

COLONEL WASHINGTON

They'll have to be. So, what do you think? Interested?

The Captain tosses the portfolio back on the desk.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I think it's a P-R move. Just  
another thing the Union can hang  
out to dry the minute it becomes  
too much trouble.

The office door slides open, Sheila steps in.

SHEILA  
Sir, you're needed in the briefing  
room.

The Colonel glances down at the clock on his gauntlet.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Oh, right. Thanks, Sheila. If  
you'll excuse me, Captain.

Davis waves him off as the Colonel heads for the door.

He stops, then turns back to Davis.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Take the file. Go for a walk and  
think it over. We'll talk again on  
Tyr.

The Colonel exits, leaving Davis to stare at the closed  
folder.

INT. C.S. NAPOLEON

Captain Davis strolls down the long and wide metal hallways  
of the Command Station. Soldiers and aides walk past the  
large windows that span the halls, looking out into the cold  
reaches of space.

A shuttle swoops past the window, catching Davis' eye. He  
stops and looks out the window, his hands coming back to the  
familiar spot in the small of his back.

Several more shuttles fly by in quick succession.

EXT. ARIES/ UNION F.O.B. - AFTERNOON

Captain Davis stands in the middle of the forward operating  
base with Tobias. Soldiers run around, carrying bags and  
crates of supplies to the shuttles that choke the base.  
Shuttles swarm over head like flies, taking soldiers and  
supplies into orbit.

The Lieutenant watches the troops pack up in a fit of rage.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

This is bullshit. A few weeks ago we're walking through the market, now we're abandoning the planet?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

We don't have a choice. We're losing to many men.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

From a bunch of rebels! They don't even have mag-rifles. Using the old ballistics. We got tanks, and fighters. But we're pulling out?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

There's too many of them. We can't secure the country side and we don't have the man power to protect against ambushes in the city.

Don't worry Lieutenant, we'll be coming back with reinforcements. Union's not going to lose a planet to a bunch of farmers. We didn't on Heimdall and we won't here.

A soldier runs up to the officers with sweat pouring from his face.

SOLDIER ONE

Sir!

CAPTAIN DAVIS

What is it?

SOLDIER ONE

Rebels, closing in on us.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

How close?

A mortar streaks in over the compounds walls, hitting a shuttle as it lifts off the ground. The explosion knocks it right back into the dirt as flames spread across it's hull.

The soldiers duck down out of reflex, quickly rising back up.

SOLDIER ONE

Uh, that close.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Leave the equipment. I want Alpha and Delta companies on the wall.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)

Bravo to secure the landing pads  
and Charlie to load up the  
shuttles.

Once Charlie's out, Bravo will load  
up and Delta will secure the pad.  
Alpha will be the last to go.

SOLDIER ONE

Yes sir!

The soldier runs off, relaying the commands into his  
gauntlet.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Tobias, your with the shuttles.  
Let's get everyone out, no one gets  
left behind.

Tobias nods and runs off toward the landing pads as Davis  
heads for the walls.

Standing on the wall with soldiers on either side he can see  
hundreds of rebel fighters coming toward him. Behind the mass  
of men are a line of mortars, raining down fire on the small  
base from near a tree line at the base of the hills.

His radio clicks on as the Lieutenant hails him.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

(Over Radio)

How bad is it?

Davis looks back into the compound to see Tobias at the ramp  
leading up to the landing pad, staring back at him. Davis  
lifts his gauntlet to speak into it.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

We've seen worse.

You up for a special job?

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

(Over Radio, Sardonic)

Of course. Those are the most fun.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

There's a line of mortars behind  
the main force. Take a few men from  
Charlie in a shuttle, see if you  
can't get behind them.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
(Over Radio)  
Rodger.

Davis turns to the Sergeant next to him.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
How many snipers we got on the  
wall?

SOLDIER ONE  
Two in Delta, one in Alpha.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Let them know they are not to leave  
the wall till I give them the  
order. They are the last to leave.

SOLDIER ONE  
Yes, sir.

The Soldier steps away to speak into his gauntlet.

The long whine of mag-sniper rifles start to call out from  
down the wall as the snipers take their opening shots.

Davis is hailed on his radio.

SOLDIER TWO  
Sir?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
What is it?

SOLDIER TWO  
Problem with one of the tank's lev  
pads, we can't get it on the  
shuttle.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Can you tow it?

SOLDIER TWO  
No sir. Don't have any clamps.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Scuttle it.

SOLDIER TWO  
Can you confirm your last, sir?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Blow it up. I don't want to have to  
fight it when we come back.

SOLDIER TWO  
Yes sir.

Davis turns around, walking to the base side of the wall and  
yells down to the a soldier manning the com. station below.  
The two men yell back and forth to one another.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Soldier!

SOLDIER THREE  
Yessir?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Tell command I need some fucking  
air support.

SOLDIER THREE  
I'm trying sure. They said to take  
a number and wait in line.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
What's our number?

SOLDIER THREE  
Fourteen.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
You put it out on the radio that  
any pilot that helps us out get's a  
night with the finest consort on  
Zeus courtesy of me.

SOLDIER THREE  
Will do.

The Captain turns back to the wall. The rebels are only a few  
hundred yards away now. The soldiers on the wall, including  
Davis take a knee behind the battlements. Some check to make  
sure they have a round in the chamber, other's pray.

After a moment of silence, void of all sounds save for the  
breeze and whir of the engines of the fleeing shuttles, an  
orchestra of automatic fire rings out.

The barbaric sound of the old ballistic rifles from earth's  
earlier history fills the valley, as lead rounds pepper the  
walls.

The Union soldiers respond in kind, lifting their rifles onto the parapet to return fire. Soldiers operating mounted turrets open fire first, spraying down the approaching rebels, forcing them into the sparse cover of the earth.

Davis joins in, putting his rifle on the wall and lining up a front running rebel in his sights. A quick squeeze of a few rounds from his mag-rifle, drop the rebel.

A shadow covers him as a shuttle slides low overhead. It climbs up and away from the walls as it races out toward the line of mortars that fire high into the sky. Davis watches it go as the soldiers around him exchange fire with the rebels below.

The shuttle nears the line of mortar men as hidden rebels in camouflage emerge from the tree line with shoulder mounted air to surface missiles.

They fire, the first missile swings past the shuttle as it slides left, throwing out chaff to distract the rocket. The second slams into the shuttles wing as it flies past the line of mortars to the forest. The shuttle spins out of control, crashing through the tree tops to the forest floor below.

Davis watches in horror from the walls as thick, black smoke rises from the forest.

He quickly lifts up his gauntlet, ignoring the bullets whizzing around him.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Tobias! Come in, dammit!

Static fills the line.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Tobias!

The line fills with static again.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
(Over the Radio, Hurt)  
Holy fuck that hurt.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
What's your status?

His question is answered before the Lieutenant can respond as Davis sees Union soldiers emerging from the treeline to fire on the rocket armed rebels and mortar men below.

The Soldier next to him leans over so Davis will hear him over the noise.

SOLDIER ONE

Charlie is away, platoons three and four of Bravo are also away, sir.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Good, get Delta off the wall and Alpha standing by.

A Union fighter class shuttle dips beneath the clouds in the west, swooping down to rain machine gun fire on the mass of rebel soldiers before pulling back into the clouds amidst cheers from the Union soldiers.

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN

(Over Radio)

Sorry to interrupt boys. Was wondering, if I do more than one run do I get an additional consort?

Davis shouts into his gauntlet.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

About fucking time.

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN

(Over Radio)

Sorry, twelve and thirteen took longer than expected. Your next one's free, thanks for choosing Union Aces for all you rebel suppression needs.

The Captain turn to the soldier at his side.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Have the next two shuttles that lift off pick up the LT, and tell Alpha to pull back. Once Alpha's loaded the sniper's can follow.

Davis looks back out over the wall as the rebel soldiers vainly attempt to fight on. The clouds part in the east as the fighter pilot comes back for another run.

INT. COMMAND STATION NAPOLEON

Davis leans against the window's railing as he stares out into the distant stars of space. Snapping out of it he notices a reflection in the glass next to him. Shelia looks up at him with worry on her face.

SHEILA

You okay?



CAPTAIN DAVIS

Fine.

SHEILA

You don't have to do that.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Do what?

SHEILA

The brave, distant, soldier thing.

You don't have to protect me from it.

Her hand touches his arm, as she looks up at him for the first time, then slides across his shoulder to his back to comfort him.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

Davis stands up straight, causing Sheila's hand to fall off his back, never taking his eyes off the stars.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

What do you want me to say? That it was horrible? That thoughts of you kept me going when I had lost all hope?

SHEILA

Now you're just being an ass.

The two stand in silence for a moment without looking at one another.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You really going to leave the military? Give it all up and be a farmer?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Maybe. I'd be a good farmer.

Sheila laughs, and honest good laugh.

SHEILA

No you wouldn't.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I've got the discipline.

SHEILA

Not the patience. Or the gentle touch.

Davis shoots her cocky glance and a wry smile out of the corner of his eye.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I can be gentle.

Sheila smiles again.

SHEILA

Yes. Yes you can.

She exhales, a sigh from times past. Sheila pauses, composing herself.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Have you thought about the Colonel's proposal?

Davis' smile vanishes in an instant.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

It's a novel idea. A special response force. But I doubt it will work. The Council loves these plans they think will fix all their problems. Then abandon them the minute they stop getting results.

I give it a year before they pull the plug.

SHEILA

Isn't that what you have left on your contact?

She asks, knowing the answer.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Is that why you're here? Whisper the Colonel's wishes into my ear.

She turns her whole body to face him, hurt and angry.

SHEILA

No. I'm here because I know you. I know how you get. Pushing everyone away, beating yourself up over things you had no damn control over!

She quickly looks around, dropping her head out of shyness from unexpectedly raising her voice. Those walking through the walkways take no notice.

She looks back up at him.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I care about you, Davis.

I don't care whether you work with  
the Colonel or grow crops or push a  
broom.

Her hand comes back up to his arm.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I just want you to be happy.

Davis looks her in the eye, seeing the concern and caring in her eyes. He turns back to the window.

MAJOR DAVIS  
That's not possible. Not anymore.

Davis turns away from her to walk off. She takes him by the hand, forcing him to turn back.

SHEILA  
Don't, Alex. Don't.

He turns away from her. His hand sliding out of hers as he walks away. Sheila turns back to the window, it being to painful to watch him go.

INT. C. S. NAPOLEON/SPACE PORT - EVENING

Davis stands in line with other passengers with a duffle bag in hand as they prepare to board the flight.

Once in the plane, Davis puts his bag in the over head compartment and slides into the window seat. The Captain of the flight speaks over the intercom system.

FLIGHT CAPTAIN  
Thank you for joining us aboard the  
non-stop flight from Command  
Station Napoleon to Tyr, we hope  
you enjoy the flight...

With the plane boarded, the massive star ship disengages from the space station using gas thrusters to softly push away from the station floating in orbit around Aries.

As the ship drifts away the planet comes into view of Davis' window. He stares down at the planet, unable to take his eyes off it.

EXT. ARIES/HIGH ATMOSPHERE - MORNING

A massive fleet of transports and escort fighters descend from orbit down onto the capitol city. The fighters race ahead, launching missile strikes against SAM sites and enemy buildings. The transports ride with their side panels open, eager soldiers manning their turrets. Scattered throughout the fleet are smaller shuttle class transports taking smaller teams to their objectives.

Captain Davis and Tobias sit in one of these shuttles, taking the front two seats on either side of the shuttle, so they can look out the open side panels. Soldiers sit behind them on the bench seats while two others mount the side guns. In the background, out the shuttle's door, flies a massive transport.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I told you we'd be back.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
About time. I was getting cramped  
on that station.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
That station was the size of most  
cities.

Missiles streak past their shuttle and explode harmlessly above.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
Yeah but their was no fresh air. Or  
plants. How come it didn't have  
plants?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Its a military station, they don't  
give a damn about trees.

Tobias looks past Davis, out the open door to the ground below.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
Won't be too many trees here either  
when we're finished.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
They'll plant new ones. For all the  
bitching about them not having jobs  
they'll be plenty when this is  
over.

A thunderous echo announces the round from the Magnetic  
Acceleration Cannon as it slams into the transport in the  
background. The ship is ripped in half from the round and  
explodes, the shockwave rocking Davis' shuttle.

Davis hops up, rushing to the cockpit.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
The fuck was that?

Out the cockpit's windshield Davis can see the massive MAC  
jutting out of the cities skyline. The building tall gun  
shakes as it fires off another round into the fleet.

PILOT  
The MAC sir, it's still  
operational.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Stay low. I don't want us near that  
thing.

PILOT  
Yes sir.

The Captain returns to the cabin, standing in the doorway.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
How did they get it back online?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Don't know. Must have had help.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
From one of us or the aliens?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Doesn't matter. We need to get  
these birds out of the air.

The Captain turns back into the cockpit.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Patch me through the Colonel, we're  
calling an audible.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Davis sits transfixed, staring into the now closed window. The lights in the cabin are dimmed to reflect the time. From somewhere far away he can hear someone calling him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir? Sir?

Davis snaps out of it, turning to look at the Flight Attendant.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Yes, ma'am?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Would you like something to drink?  
Water, soda?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

No, thank you.

The flight attendant nods and moves on to the other passengers. Davis turns back to the closed window, lost in his thoughts.

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The plane flies over the flat red plains of Tyr. The thin rivers winding their way through the canyons and plateaus, guiding them toward the city in the distance.

INT. DAVIS' APARTMENT - EVENING

Davis enters the small one bedroom apartment with his duffle bag in hand. He tosses his keys onto the counter out of reflex, shutting the door behind him.

He stands in front of the closed door, letting the duffle bag slide to the floor. The apartment is neat and tidy, sparsely filled with simple furniture.

Davis walks over to the couch. He sits down on it slowly, as if in a stranger's home. He lifts his wrist, using his gauntlet to turn on the TV. The screen brightens to life showing the day's news. Davis turns it back off. He hops off the couch and drifts over to the window.

Davis lifts the curtain out the way, looking out the window to see identical, ordinary apartment buildings. He lets the curtain slide back with a sigh. Unsure what to do with himself.

Salvation comes in the form of a knock at the door. He practically skips over to it, eager for the distraction. Davis pops open the door to find Sheila on the other side.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Sheila, what brings you here?

She lifts up a bag of Chinese food into his field of food, lifting her eyebrows to show it should have been obvious. She steps past him into the apartment without waiting to be invited in.

Sheila walks deeper into the apartment, casually dropping the food on the counter without looking at it. Instead her gaze drifts from the bag on the floor to the still apartment.

SHEILA  
Just get in?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Yeah.

He says, shutting the door behind her.

SHEILA  
You should open a window, let some air in.

She walks over to the window, throwing back the curtains to let some light in.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Too much noise.

SHEILA  
Noise is good.

She slides the window open, letting in a cool dry breeze. Davis just stands there, watching her as she glides back to the kitchen. She slips past him to get behind the counter, taking containers of food out of the bag. She opens a cabinet, grabbing plates without having to search for them.

Davis finally joins her, opening the containers of food.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVIS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The two sit on the couch, finishing the last few bites off their plates before setting them down on the counter. Davis sits forward, feet firmly planted on the ground.

Sheila is positioned more comfortably, with one leg on the couch and other dangling off, he body pointed towards Davis.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I can't remember the last time I  
actually had take out.

SHEILA

What did you eat down there?

She ask, taking a sip from her glass of water.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Um, rations of course. When those  
ran out we ate what we could find.  
A lot of canned goods. Soup and  
beans mostly. Occasionally you'd  
find some green beans or corn.

Davis says with a big smile.

SHEILA

Green beans and corn?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Oh yeah. That's when you struck it  
rich. Can a green beans was worth  
two full mags, or a vid of  
someone's girl from back home.

Sheila smiles as Davis' face lights up at some of the better  
memories. His smile fades, his eyes hardening as he stares  
down at the table.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)

Towards the end, we ate anything.  
At first it was easy, just had to  
dig through the trash to find  
something. But then the people, the  
civilians, couldn't find anything  
to eat either.

We started eating pets. Good  
nutrition thanks to the food they  
eat. Then when they ran out we ate  
rats. Some crazy fucks even started  
eating each other. But those were  
the lazy ones. You could always  
find a person. The rats, they were  
harder to get a hold of.

Sheila reaches across the couch to rub his shoulder.



SHEILA  
I'm sorry.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Wasn't your fault.

He shoots back impatiently, coldly.

SHEILA  
Doesn't change how sorry I am. Its  
empathy.

He gets up from the couch, walking over to the open window.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
How can you empathize with me when  
you weren't there. You don't know.

She gets off the couch. Drifting over to him. She lightly  
caresses his arm, her's coming down to wrap around his waist,  
her face resting against his shoulder.

SHEILA  
Then tell me. You don't have to  
keep it bottled up inside. Let me  
help you.

A memory jumps into Davis' mind's eye.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARIES/CAPITOL - MORNING

The city is war torn, buildings collapsed into rubble, bodies  
choking craters. Davis and the rest of his soldiers sit  
behind a fortified line of sandbags and rubble, dug in. Davis  
stands in the center, where the road passes through the  
fortifications, Lieutenant Tobias kneeling next to him.

The two eagerly watch the horizon, waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVIS' APARTMENT

The image fades as Davis rallies his strength, taking comfort  
in Sheila's arms wrapped around him.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
We were at the state building, at  
the capitol.  
(MORE)

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
We had held it for the last three  
days against constant rebel attack.

The worst fighting had been that  
last night. They hit us with  
everything they had. Got past our  
line.

Images of soldiers screaming and the bright flash of the old  
rifles against a night sky flood through Davis' mind.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
We were waiting for resupply. A  
convoy was coming in from Malkai  
with troops and weapons.

Halfway through that last night we  
ran out of ammo. I had my side arm,  
the others weren't so lucky. They  
had take the rebel's rifles from  
their hands, either after stabbing  
him or beating him to death.

But we held.

Davis says as tears begin welling in his eyes.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
All day and all night for three  
days we held. They would push and  
we pushed 'em right back.

We were the best, the bravest that  
had ever been. We knew they would  
hit us again, only a matter of  
time.

We didn't care. When that sun came  
up over the horizon. The long night  
was over. All we needed was that  
damn convoy. Just a few supplies.

And then... then they...

Tear drops fall onto Sheila's arms as Davis' voice cracks.

SHEILA  
Shh...

She whispers, turning him toward her. She pulls his head down  
onto her shoulder as Davis struggles to hold back the tears.

She kisses his forehead. Then his cheek. Then his mouth. She  
kisses him again, this time he kisses her back.

He dives away from his grief and into the passion, wrapping his arms around her.

INT. DAVIS' APARTMENT/BEDROOM - MORNING

Davis and Sheila lay in each other's arms under the covers as the sunlight trickles in through the window. Davis looks down at Sheila.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Well this is familiar.

Sheila smiles back up at him, then reaches across his chest to pick up the gauntlet on the night stand. She rolls it toward her to see the time. Just after six. She drops it back onto the table.

SHEILA  
I've got to get to work.

She kisses him on the cheek and slides out of bed to get ready. His smile disappears as soon as she's out of bed. Davis lays back against the pillow, preparing to face another day.

EXT. UNION MILITARY HQ - MORNING

Colonel Washington stands next to the flagpole outside the main building. He looks down at the pretty white flowers as he waits, content to take in the simple pleasures.

Davis impatiently joins him.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I'll right, I'm here. You want me  
to salute the flag or play  
reveille?

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Let's go for a walk.

The Colonel says ignoring him. He walks off away from the building with Davis at his side.

Soon, they're away from the building and onto a dirt path in the woods. Davis look around at the trees.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Never thought I'd miss trees. The  
damn things are everywhere.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

And then suddenly they're not, and you'd give everything you own just to be able to see them one last time.

But I guess you won't have to worry about that anymore. I'm sure you can find a farm with some trees nearby.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Maybe instead of a farm I'll get a cabin out in the mountains. I can spend my days hunting and fishing.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

Please. You'll be pulling your hair out from boredom within a week.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Because a soldier's life isn't boring. No waiting around when you're a soldier.

Oh wait, no that's exactly what you do. Wait for hours wishing something would happen because you're so bored you can feel your brain rotting inside your skull. Then running for your life for two minutes, then boredom again.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

That's good. You should do recruiting instead of teaching. The colleges will be empty with how many you'll pull in.

The two walk in silence for a moment, trying not to argue.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

There's people out there that need you, Davis. You can't go running away to the woods. It won't get rid of your demons. You can help people, here, now.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I don't believe that anymore.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
It doesn't matter if you believe  
it, it's the truth.

The Colonel stops and turns to Davis.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
You remember basic training?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Everyone remembers basic.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
There's a wall in basic that  
everyone hits. No matter why they  
came, or how good they think they  
are, everyone hits it. For some  
it's on a long march, for others  
it's when a mean son of a bitch of  
a drill sergeant is spitting in  
their face.

It's the moment that they stop  
caring about why they signed up.  
The girl they wanted to impress,  
the benefits, the patriotism. It  
all fades away and they ask  
themselves what they're doing  
there.

Do you remember that moment?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Of course I do.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
And what kept you going?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I didn't want to quit, to give up.

But I guess, more than that...

I didn't have anything else. No  
home to go back to. It was the  
military or nothing. So I pushed  
through.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
And it got better?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Obviously. Basic is hell but it  
ends.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
What makes you think it won't get  
better this time?

The Colonel walks off, leaving Davis to think it over.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Come on, I want to show you  
something.

The two men reach the top of the hill. The trees break away  
as the hill drops off in a cliff. The view stretches out all  
the way to the horizon. A long valley reaching out to a chain  
of mountains. Down in the valley is a sleek, new space ship  
sitting in dry dock, heavy machinery scattered around her.

The two men reach the edge of the cliff, looking down on the  
ship.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
You see that ship there?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
It's hard to miss.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
That's the third. In my little  
program. She's state of the art,  
brand new. Only been out of dock a  
few times for final inspection.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Congratulations.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
I didn't bring you up here to show  
off.

The Colonel looks at Davis.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
I brought you up here because I  
wanted you to see the ship you'll  
be commanding.

Davis turns to him.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Commanding?

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
That's right.

(MORE)

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

I don't want you to be another ground pounder on board. Your smart, resourceful and a damn fine soldier.

These ships will be going out into the farthest reaches of the galaxy. Encountering threats we've only heard rumors of. I need people who can handle that. Who can laugh in the face of things that would break most men.

I want you to lead the men and women aboard that ship, to teach them what you've learned and to help the Union fix itself before it's too late.

The Colonel looks out to the horizon, trying to find the right words.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

You were right Davis, the Council isn't going to support this program for long. Hell the Navy's already throwing a fit because it's an Army program.

I need people who will make this program succeed, even when it would have otherwise failed.

There is too many people out there, good, honest people who need this to work. The stakes are too high, the price of failure too costly. If we don't do this, if we don't pull this off the Union will rip itself apart.

You've seen it. Down there in the faces of those fighting on Aries. They weren't extremist, they were normal people. Farmers and cashiers and mechanics who felt they had to take up arms against those sworn to protect them just to have a fair shot at life.

We owe them. We have to do better, and that ship, that ship is how we're going to do it.

(MORE)

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

It's not much, I'll admit that. But  
it's a start, and it's all we have.

You can run off to your cabin or  
your farm or whatever the hell you  
end up deciding. But I'll be here.  
Fighting tooth and nail for what I  
believe in. For the men and women  
of a country I love.

The Colonel turns away, chest heaving and blood pumping.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

With or without you.

He walks away, leaving Davis to think things over. The  
Captain stares out over the valley as the morning sun  
reflects off the ship that could be his.

EXT. UNION MILITARY HQ

Davis walks around the base's grounds, thinking over what the  
Colonel had to say. Soldiers run in formation past him, as  
others practice their marksmanship in a field behind him.

The Captain drifts over to the fence, looking out at the  
field as the soldiers in teams of two refine their skills as  
snipers. The long whine of the mag-sniper rifles fill the  
field as the soldiers attempt to kill the metal targets at  
the far end. Davis hones in on one of the teams, watching the  
spotter give corrections to the shooter, the two soldiers  
casually talking amongst themselves as they train.

INT. ARIES/APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Davis and Tobias are in a ruined apartment building. A small  
section of the building's wall is missing. Most of the  
furniture has been torn apart for raw materials. The two have  
pushed up a dining room table to the small hole in the wall.

Davis lies on the table with a mag-sniper rifle. Tobias sits  
next to him in a wooden dining room chair with a pair of  
binoculars.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

This sucks.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

There's an understatement.



LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

A month ago that building was ours.  
Then our own people bomb us to  
shit. Everyone panics, takes the  
fuck off. And we're left here to  
die.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Not dead yet.

Through his scope he can see the destroyed remains of the  
convoy leading up to the capitol building. Once their  
position, now held by the rebels. Two officers stand at the  
front of the building, talking to each other while a group of  
soldiers wait in formation in front of them.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

You think they'll ever come back  
for us?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

No. Not with the with the A-A  
coverage and MAC back online. But  
they will come back for the planet.

We just have to stay alive till  
they get here.

Davis scans the area with the scope, checking out how many  
guards are manning guns on the perimeter, scanning the  
windows, the building and the rooftop.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Fucking recruiter. Told me I'd be  
swimming in a sea of alien pussy.  
Not dieing in some hell hole.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

He forget to mention alien's don't  
exactly have pussies.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Well they have something  
equivalent, right?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Don't know. Never got the chance to  
ask one.

Tobias puts his binoculars to his face.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
I got him. Second floor, second  
window from the left.

Davis snaps the scope to the mentioned window. Inside is an old man wearing a general's uniform. He sits behind a desk, talking to another officer across from him.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS (CONT'D)  
Fucking rebels. Don't they know  
better than to wear rank in the  
field.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
It's their hometown. I doubt they  
think of it as the field.

Davis follows the general as he gets up from his desk and makes his way to the front of the building.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
We're going to spend the rest of  
our lives on this worthless rock.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
That's redundant.

The Captain says as the General emerges from the front of the building. He shakes the two officer's hands, and dismisses them. With a clearing of the throat he begins to address the rebel fighters assembled before him.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
What is?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Worthless rock. All rocks are  
worthless, that's why we call them  
rocks.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
Not diamonds.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Yeah but we don't call them rocks,  
do we? No we call them diamonds.

Davis tightens his grip on the rifle as he centers the cross hair over the general's chest.

CAPTAIN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
As for spending the rest of our  
lives here, if it's any consolation  
we shouldn't be alive much longer.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
Thanks, that really lifts my  
spirits.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Anytime.

Davis settles. He slows his breathing while slowly pulling the trigger on the rifle back. The gun emits a low whine as the round spins in the chamber. As the trigger is pulled all the way back the round is released, flying through the hole in the wall to hit the rebel general in the chest.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS  
Hit.

Davis slides off the table, taking the rifle with him.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Time to go.

INT. UNION MILITARY HQ/COL. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Davis walks up to Sheila's desk inside the Headquarters building on Tyr.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Hey.

Sheila looks up with a warm smile, but her voice is all business.

SHEILA  
The Colonel is waiting for you.

The Captain nods with a smile and strolls into the office.

The office is very well decorated, plaques and commendations take up the walls. The entire back wall is covered in bookshelves with all manner of military tomes and encyclopedias from around the galaxy.

The colonel sits behind a large, well crafted wooden desk, kept as neat as his one on Napoleon. Seeing Davis, he puts down the report he was reading and motions for Davis to take a seat across from him in a leather chair.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Nice office.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

Thank you. It wasn't easy to get. I had to win a bet against a general and wait for another one to die to get this office.

Enjoy your walk back?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

For the most part.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

I imagine you have questions.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

A few.

You said I'd be commanding the ship. Before I even think about accepting I need to know how this works. How is one ship supposed to do all the things required of it?

COLONEL WASHINGTON

It's fairly simple. Each ship acts as a sort of mobile base for it's crew. Each consist of a specialized and highly trained field team to carry out it's missions. All of which have been carefully selected from the best of the best.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

You've already selected the crew?

COLONEL WASHINGTON

Of course. We need to get this program off the ground as soon as possible. I have their files here, if you'd like to read them.

Davis nods as the Colonel reaches into his desk and pulls out several folders full of pages. He sets them on his desk then gets up.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Feel free to stick around and read them over. I'm afraid I have to get to another meeting. It seems that's all I do these days.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

They have to do something with you older models.

Davis says with a smile.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Hey, watch it. I'm not that old  
yet. Ah hell who I am kidding, yeah  
I am.

The Colonel says with a smile and a shake of the head as he leaves his office. Davis picks up the first folder in the stack labeled GIDEON, OLIVER.

Davis flips open the folder to see a picture of Gideon on the paper next to his service record.

INT. ARIES/RUINED BUILDING - NIGHT

Davis creeps through bombed out buildings in Aries. His face covered in grime and sweat, his hand tightly clutching his rifle. The ruins are lit from the large moon above, giving everything a haunting glow.

He steps carefully, the loose rubble shifting under his feet. He stops suddenly, dropping down as he catches sight of a rebel soldier in the living room on the other side of the wall.

Watching through the hole in the wall he sees the rebel approach a buddy laying on the floor. It's Gideon, his head slumped against the wall, arms outstretched at either side. A pistol lay in his open limp hand.

Weakly, his eyes blink open. His voice is dry and cracked as he speaks.

SERGEANT GIDEON  
Go ahead. Do it.

The young rebel fighter, a teenager, looks down at him with a mixture of fright and pity.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)  
I'm done. With all this fighting,  
the death.

Gideon is racked with coughs.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)  
I just want it to be over.

He says with tears welling up in his eyes, voice cracking.

In a sudden flash of strength and anger he yells out, his voice echoing through dark ruins.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)

Kill me!

He slumps back against the wall, sobbing. The young rebel soldier loosens his grip on his rifle. He carefully steps around Gideon. Davis slips his finger onto the trigger of his own rifle, preparing to shoot the rebel.

As the rebel turns to run away, Gideon snaps the pistol in hand, rolling over and bringing it in front of him. In an instant he fires off a round into the young rebel's back. The young fighter drops to the ground. Gideon picks himself up off the ground with a childish smile.

He slowly walks over to the young fighter. Standing over him he puts another round in the back of the teen's head.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)

You can come out now.

Davis freezes.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)

I know you're back there.

Davis straightens, coming out from around the wall to stand in the living room.

Gideon puts the pistol back in it's holster. He grabs the dead rebel and drags him around the corner to the kitchen. Davis cautiously follows.

Gideon drops the dead rebel on a pile of a dozen or more other dead rebels.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Holy shit.

SERGEANT GIDEON

I know right. Dumb, fucking rebels.

Gideon walks back into the living room to his old spot against the wall.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Impressive.

Gideon sits down, lowering his body into the same position as before. He lays with his limbs stretched out, neck resting against the wall. He take the pistol out of the holster and rolls his neck before laying back.

SERGEANT GIDEON

The trick is in the hand.

He says, letting the gun rest in his open hand.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)  
You have to keep it completely  
relaxed. If it twitches, even the  
slightest bit, they'll kill you.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
How long have you been doing this?

SERGEANT GIDEON  
Three, four days. Maybe a week.  
Hard to tell.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
That's pretty convincing.

SERGEANT GIDEON  
Thanks. Took theater in high  
school. Other kids used to make fun  
of me but it's paying off now.

Gideon adjust his position, playing with different angels  
with his limbs, trying different poses.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)  
Okay let's see. Do I want to lay  
back, maybe on my side.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Alright soldier you've had your  
fun. We've got real work to do.

SERGEANT GIDEON  
Oh yeah, and what would that be?  
Cause last I checked command wasn't  
exactly giving orders.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Rebels got the north MAC online.  
Again. We need to take it out if we  
want to have any hope of the fleet  
coming back.

SERGEANT GIDEON  
Why would I want to go on a suicide  
mission like that when I'm doing  
just fine here.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
What's your rank?

SERGEANT GIDEON  
Sergeant.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Well I'm a Captain. Last time I  
checked sergeant's took orders from  
Captains.

SERGEANT GIDEON  
A captain, really?

Davis nods.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

Gideon picks himself up off the ground.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)  
Officers always have to ruin the  
fun.

Gideon walks over to a closet. As he opens it, rifles,  
grenades and magazines fall out.

SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)  
At least I can finally use some of  
these.

MAJOR DAVIS  
You have got to be kidding me.

INT. UNION MILITARY HQ/COL. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Davis closes Gideon's file with a smile on his face. He  
tosses it down and turns his attention to the next file.

Sheila walks in behind him carrying a tray of tea. She sets  
it down on the Colonel's desk and pours Davis and herself a  
cup.

SHEILA  
What do you think? You going to  
take it.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I don't know.  
  
One the one hand I get my own ship.  
An independent command. On the  
other hand the chances of  
casualties are higher, far out away  
from any field hospital.

SHEILA  
You'll have a medic on the team.



She says, sipping from her tea as she rest her weight on the desk.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Medics can only do so much.

Davis sips from the tea while looking up at her. She drops her gaze with a smile, before reconnecting eye contact. Her smile fades.

SHEILA  
Would it really be so bad to lose  
another one. Soldiers know what  
they're getting into.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
With the expectation that their  
chain of command has their back.

SHEILA  
That's why Washington wants you. He  
knows you'll always have their  
back, that you'd die before you let  
anything happen to them.

She rubs his shoulder.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Or you can go be a farmer. And get  
used to losing crops instead.

With a pat on the shoulder she walks away from the desk, taking her cup with her.

INT. DAVIS' APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Davis lays in bed with Sheila. His head tosses and turns as she sleeps quietly next to him.

CUT TO:

I/E. ARIES/SPACEPORT - AFTERNOON

Davis, Tobias and two other soldiers sit crouched in the main terminal of the space port. Massive holes in the ceiling let in light on the decaying building. The four men are crouched against the wall on either side of a double door. Davis on one side, Tobias on the other each with a soldier. Davis looks out the window onto a bridge stretching out to another terminal.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Looks clear. How long till the MAC  
cannon goes back online.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

An hour. Maybe two.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

When I open the door, we run. If  
they open fire we leap frog. Take  
cover, shoot, run. Do not stop  
until we make it across.

Ready?

He looks at each man in turn, waiting for them to nod before moving onto the next. Davis takes a deep breath, reaches up, and slaps the door control.

The double doors slide into the walls. Davis hops up and sprints out onto the bridge with everyone following behind on his heels.

Mere seconds after they are out the door, rebel soldiers fire down on them from above. One of the rounds grazes Davis in the arm, passing through and into the back of the soldier next to him. The soldier is hit again by another round and falls to the ground.

Davis drops to the ground, taking shelter against the railing as his free hand instinctively goes to the wound on his arm. Seeing Tobias and the other soldier coming toward him he summons his strength, sliding the rifle from around his back into his hands.

He takes a kneeling position on the bridge, raising the rifle he sees soldiers on the upper floors of the main terminal with ballistic rifles.

Davis fires off a quick three round burst as Tobias and the remaining soldier run past him.

Tobias slides down behind, crouching against the railing. Flipping around he lays additional fire on the threat. The rebel fighters take cover behind the windows. Instantly Davis jumps up, sprinting past Tobias.

Now halfway across the bridge the three soldiers run for their very lives.

A rebel soldier pops back up, forcing the men to duck back down. The last soldier, now almost at the door stops to cover the others retreat. His eyes widen in terror as he sees a rebel fighter lift a missile launcher out the window.

SOLDIER FOUR

Missile!

Davis and Tobias dive to the ground.

The rebel fires the missile as the union soldier attempts to shoot back. The missile streaks past Tobias, landing in between Davis and Tobias. The explosion pushes them both away from the impact site as the bridge crumbles and breaks from the force of the explosion.

That section of the bridge gives way, falling down onto the city below, leaving Tobias trapped at the far side. Tobias and Davis pick themselves up into a crouching position as the remaining soldier suppress the rebels.

Davis and Tobias look at each other across the twenty foot chasm between them.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Jump.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

I'll never make it.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I'm not leaving you here. Not after all this.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

It's okay. I'll grab another shuttle.

Davis gives a half shake of the head, glaring at Tobias, knowing there are no other shuttles.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

No. I'm getting you off this worthless heap of rubble.

Tobias smiles weakly, panting and out of breath.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Isn't that redundant?

Go. I'll see you on the other side.

Go!

He yells, turning around with his own rifle to lay down fire on the rebels. He shoots while moving, pushing back into the enemy held terminal.

Davis quickly joins the other soldier at the door to their terminal.

SOLDIER FOUR  
It's locked.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Then fucking hack it.

SOLDIER FOUR  
Do I look like and I.T. Specialist  
to you?

A sniper round hits the door inches from Davis' face.

He crouches down and returns fire at the far terminal. Tobias is no where to be seen on the bridge.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Gauntlet!

The Captain yells, admonishing his soldier. The soldier lifts his wrist, accessing his military grade gauntlet. He touches a button and the program begins it's work. Seconds later the door opens. Davis and the soldier waste no time running inside.

The soldier turns once inside the doorway to lay cover fire for the Captain as he rushes over to the door's switch. As Davis hits the button a sniper round tears into the soldier's knee, blowing his leg off. The leg slides father into the room, stopping a few feet from Davis as the soldier falls to the ground.

Davis runs over to the soldier, only to find him wide eyed and hyperventilating due to shock. Davis leaves him, running over to the door's panel to open the roof. As the roof slides open it cast light on a small personal shuttle. Davis opens the side hatch of the shuttle, then runs back to the soldier.

Dragging him by the collar of his body vest, Davis gets him aboard the shuttle, dropping him in the middle of the floor to rush into the cockpit. After firing up the controls the shuttle lifts gingerly in the air.

As soon as it's clear of the building, Davis punches it into high speed, taking off into orbit. With the course on auto pilot he rushes back into the shuttle's main compartment.

Checking over the soldier, Davis finds him dead. The energy drains from Davis' body. He weakly falls into a seat, his eyes fixed on the body. With tears welling in his eyes Davis slams them shut, leaning his head back against the wall of the shuttle.

INT. DAVIS' APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Davis' eyes snap open. The bedside lamp in his room as been turned on. He's vaguely aware of Sheila rocking him awake.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
(Groggily)  
What, what is it.

SHEILA  
You were crying. In your sleep.

Davis sits up in the bed, rubbing his eyes.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You okay?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Yeah.

He says dismissive. Sheila raises a tender hand to rub his back.

SHEILA  
You want to talk about it?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
No. They're just ghost.

They'll fade in the morning.

He says, bringing his knees up to hunch over them.

SHEILA  
What kind of ghost, good or bad?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Both. The ghost of a friend.  
Someone I broke a promise to. Left  
him behind.

SHEILA  
You would have saved him if you  
could.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I got to go home, he got to die  
there.

SHEILA  
It's not your fault.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Doesn't take the guilt away. He was a good man, a good soldier. They all were. But I'm still here.

SHEILA

Do you wish you had died with them?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

No. I wish they had lived.

So many died there. With wives and kids and families who were praying for them to come home. I have none of those things, no one prays for me and yet I was the one who got to come back home. One out of thousands.

SHEILA

I prayed for you. Everyday.

He looks over at her. He lowers his head, resting it against her chest. She softly strokes his hair with hand.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I don't understand. Why me? I know there's no meaning in it. No purpose. It still doesn't change my asking.

SHEILA

Maybe there was a reason. The others, had they lived, would have gone back to their lives, to their families.

Maybe you lived because your supposed to do something more.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

The Colonel's program.

He spits out with distaste.

She pulls away from him, lifting his chin to lock his eyes with her's.

SHEILA

You lived. Now you can be the guy who lived so he could go home and plant corn and take care of goats.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Or you can be the man who lived to  
change things. To save people. To  
bring a light to a dark world.

She pulls his head back down onto her chest, once more  
rubbing his hair.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
The medal they awarded for Aries is  
called the Star of the Union for a  
reason.

She bends her neck down to gently whisper in his ear.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Be a star.

Lifting her neck back up and her voice returning to normal  
she says

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You may have lost your hope, you  
may be devoid of reason, that  
doesn't mean you can't be hope for  
someone else.

It doesn't mean you can't be there  
reason.

She continues to stroke his hair as he stares out into the  
room, thinking.

EXT. TYR/CLIFF - MORNING

Davis sits on the edge of the cliff, letting his feet hang  
over the side as he looks out at the gleaming ship in the  
valley below.

The Colonel takes a seat beside him, using his hand to aid  
his old knees in lowering him to the ground.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
You like it up here.

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Good view.

The colonel nods.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Made a decision I take it.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I have.

I'll take the job, on three conditions.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

Alright.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

First and foremost, I have the right to reject any mission at any time. Regardless of who issued it or how important it is deemed by command.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

That's a big condition.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I'm taking any more men on suicide missions without a damn good reason. You know me, you selected me for this job because you trust my judgement.

I've never run away from a job that needed doing. I don't intend to start. You either trust my judgement or you don't.'

COLONEL WASHINGTON

Okay. The second?

CAPTAIN DAVIS

I have complete control over the crew. I can dismiss and take on whoever I want whenever I want. Civilian or military.

I see talent I want to be able to bring them aboard and if I see incompetence I want to be able to get rid of them.

If this is supposed to be my ship I want it filled with my team.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

They are some clearance issues, but I think we can work that out.

And the third?



CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I want to name the ship.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
You want to what?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
Name the ship. If I'm going to die  
in it, might as well get to pick  
the name of my tomb.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
What did you have in mind?

CAPTAIN DAVIS  
I never thought of one, didn't  
think you'd agree to the first two.

The Colonel chuckles.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
We need you. A few conditions  
wouldn't change that.

The Colonel reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small pin  
of a leaf. He holds it out in front of Davis, waiting for him  
to take it.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Go on. Major.

Davis takes the pin in his hand.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Welcome to the big leagues.

The two men stare out into the valley as the morning sun  
creeps higher into the sky.

MAJOR DAVIS  
Does this mean I have to learn how  
to play golf?

The two men share a warm hearted laugh as their feet dangle  
off the edge of the cliff.

I/E. TYR/DOCKS - MORNING

Davis leans against a metal railing at the docks. His ship  
sits before him in all her glory, reflecting the morning sun.

Sheila joins him.

SHEILA  
Congratulations.

MAJOR DAVIS  
I couldn't have don it without you.

Sheila turns around, leaning her back against the railing.

SHEILA  
Nonsense. You would have gotten  
there eventually. I gave you a  
little push to speed things up.

Davis looks over at her, smiling.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You been on board yet?

She says with a flick of the head toward the ship.

MAJOR DAVIS  
No.

SHEILA  
What are you waiting for soldier?

MAJOR DAVIS  
Once I step on that ship, it's  
real. There's no going back.

She smacks him on the arm with the back of her hand.

SHEILA  
You're going to do fine.

Go on. Get in there.

Davis stands up straight.

He steps past her, his hand coming up to briefly hold her's.  
Their hands slide apart as he steps away, his arm stretching  
out behind him,

MAJOR DAVIS  
See you on the other side.

His hand slips out of hers as he walks away, his face solid  
with resolve, her's in a proud smile.

Davis heads up the ramp toward the ship's cargo bay. The  
Colonel is coming down the ramp. The two men meet in the  
middle.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Finally decided to join us?

MAJOR DAVIS  
I had to come down and see her for  
myself.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Decide on a name?

MAJOR DAVIS  
I did.

The Icarus.

Davis says with smile.

The Colonel's head slumps.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
Please tell me that's a joke.

MAJOR DAVIS  
Consider it a vote of confidence.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
The press is going to love this.

The Colonel says with a shake of the head as he steps past  
the Major. He stops, turning back to Davis.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Oh, Major?

Davis turns back.

MAJOR DAVIS  
Yes sir?

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
She's a new ship, try not to break  
her.

MAJOR DAVIS  
I'll do my best sir.

COLONEL WASHINGTON  
That's what worries me.

The Colonel says with a laugh as he walks away.

Davis allows himself a smile as he watches the Colonel walk  
away. He then heads up the ramp into the ship.

The Major finds himself in the shuttle bay. Members of the crew carry in and organize crates of supplies around him. On either side of the bay sit two shuttles, one thinner and the other a thicker, heavy transport.

Gideon stands in the center of the bay, directing some of the crew on where to put things. Upon seeing the Major he snaps to attention.

FIRST SERGEANT GIDEON  
Attention!

The entire crew stops what their doing, jumping to the position of attention. The Major stops as Gideon salutes, going to the position of attention himself.

Davis snaps off a salute, Gideon doing the same.

MAJOR DAVIS  
Carry on.

The crew goes back to their duties as Gideon steps forward with an outstretched hand.

FIRST SERGEANT GIDEON  
Good morning, sir. Was beginning to think you were going to spend all day on the dock.

The two men shake hands.

MAJOR DAVIS  
Wanted to get a good look at my ship.

Congratulations on making it off world. Wasn't sure what happened to you after we blew up the northern MAC gun.

FIRST SERGEANT GIDEON  
I was able to sneak aboard a rebel shuttle.

MAJOR DAVIS  
And they were kind enough to drop you off at Napoleon?

FIRST SERGEANT GIDEON  
Well it took a little persuading. With a crowbar. And maybe a grenade.

The Major chuckles.

FIRST SERGEANT GIDEON (CONT'D)  
Shall I show you to the bridge?

MAJOR DAVIS  
Sure, sergeant.

FIRST SERGEANT GIDEON  
Actually it's First Sergeant.

MAJOR DAVIS  
They must be handing out promotions  
like candy.

CUT TO:

INT. ICARUS/BRIDGE

Gideon and Davis enter the bridge. The bridge is a circle with a command platform in the middle. Above are an array of displays showing maps and systems information. A short hallway stretches out of the bridge into the cockpit.

Commander Winters stands on the command platform.

COMMANDER WINTERS  
Engines?

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN  
Looking good, Ma'am.

COMMANDER WINTERS  
Weapons systems?

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN  
Online.

Gideon clears his throat. The Commander turns out of annoyance. When seeing the Major she descends from the platform to meet him.

FIRST SERGEANT GIDEON  
I got to get back to the bay.

The Major shakes his hand again before he leaves.

MAJOR DAVIS  
It was good to see, I look forward  
to working with you.

FIRST SERGEANT GIDEON  
Me too.

Sir, Ma'am.

The First Sergeant dismisses himself leaving the two of them alone.

Davis reaches out a hand toward the Commander, who puts her hands behind her back.

MAJOR DAVIS  
You must be Commander Winters. You  
have an impressive file.

The Major pulls back his hand, face hardening as he realizes he's not amongst friends.

COMMANDER WINTERS  
Merely doing my duty.

MAJOR DAVIS  
What's with the attitude Commander?

COMMANDER WINTERS  
You may be highly decorated in the  
Army, Major, this is a navy ship. I  
don't appreciate being placed under  
the command of someone who doesn't  
know his stern from his aft.

MAJOR DAVIS  
That's what you're here for  
Commander. You worry about the  
ship, I'll worry about the  
missions.

The Major steps past her toward the cockpit. He spins around, walking backwards as he talks.

MAJOR DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Oh and outside rear, inside rear,  
respectively.

He spins back around, headed for the cockpit.

Inside the cockpit are two high backed pilot's chairs. Richthofen sits in the chair on the left, looking over various instrument readouts. Davis walks up to stand in between the chairs.

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN  
Welcome to the cockpit, sir.

MAJOR DAVIS  
How's she look?

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN  
Good. All systems operating  
perfectly.

MAJOR DAVIS  
I never did thank you for that fly  
by.

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN  
Oh don't worry. We'll stop off on  
Zeus eventually.

Davis smiles.

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN (CONT'D)  
Shall I give you a demonstration of  
what she can do?

MAJOR DAVIS  
Maybe later. I heard they gave me  
my own cabin. I'll have to see it  
for myself before I believe it.

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN  
Some other time then.

The Major turns to walk away, then turns back,

MAJOR DAVIS  
Oh yeah, The Colonel told me not to  
break her, I wanted you to know  
that if it happens I'm blaming you.

LIEUTENANT RICHTHOFEN  
Fair enough.

The Lieutenant says with a wave of the hand as Davis walks  
away.

INT. ICARUS/DAVIS' CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Davis walks into the small cabin. A desk has been set up in  
the front of the room next to a small bookshelf. Farther back  
in the room is a bed and dresser.

Davis strolls over to the desk, seeing a small case on it.  
Sitting in the seat he sees a note on the case and picks it  
up.

COLONEL WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
Thought you might want this.

Davis sets down the note and picks up the black case. Flipping it open he sees his medal, the Star of the Union. He takes the large star shaped medal out of the case, holding it in his hand. His fingers rub it's silver, metallic surface.

EXT. ARIES/CAPITOL - MORNING

Davis stands in front of the state building at the capitol, watching the long road into the city. Lieutenant Tobias is crouched behind the barricades next to him, binoculars in hand.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Come on, come on. They have to show up. We're completely fucked if they don't make it.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

They'll make it. We have the rebels on the run. We'll get those supplies and finish this war.

The Lieutenant lowers his binoculars to look up at Davis.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

We got what, a day till the rebels hit us again. Maybe two. We're out of ammo. We need those supplies.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

That's why they invented bayonets. We're going to be fine.

A soldier cries out from farther down the line.

SOLDIER FIVE

Movement!

Tobias snaps his binoculars to his face, scanning the road where it leaves the city. At first he can see only a metal hull here, a turret there.

CAPTAIN DAVIS

Friendlylies?

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS

Can't tell.

Then they come into view, a massive convoy of trucks, troop carriers and tanks, floating down the road. The Union flag proudly waves from their antennas, is proudly painted on their hulls.



LIEUTENANT TOBIAS (CONT'D)  
Holy shit they're friendlies!  
They're friendlies!

He jumps up, hugged Davis, hopping around like a mad man before spinning around to look at the convoy again with his binoculars.

The entire line of soldiers break out in wild cheers of jubilation.

Davis looks out on the approaching convoy with a smile on his face. He claps Tobias on the back.

They don't notice the sound filling the air. A buzz like a microwave or a transformer in a storm. It hits so suddenly, the smiles don't have time to leave their faces.

A blue beam, the size of a building descends from the clouds. It lands in the center of the convoy, obliterating half the vehicles in a massive explosion.

The soldier's smiles and cries of jubilation slowly fade away, in their shock they can't believe what's happening. More of the blue beams fall from the sky, an orbital bombardment to crush their hopes. The beams fall all over the city, destroying buildings and people alike.

Tobias drops his binoculars, falling down to his knees.

LIEUTENANT TOBIAS (CONT'D)  
No... no, no, no!

Davis watches in horror as the beams continue to fall.

INT. ICARUS/DAVIS' CABIN

Davis blinks away the memory, holding the medal in his hand. With a sigh he presses in the center of the medal and sets it down on the desk.

A holographic image emits from the center of the medal, showing Davis in his dress Uniform.

MEDAL  
Alexander Davis, awarded the Star  
of the Union for unmatched valor  
during the Aries Rebellion.

The holographic image changes from an image of Davis to a spinning image of Aries.

## MEDAL (CONT'D)

Aries is a small planet, roughly  
two thirds the size of Earth. It is  
notable for being one of only two  
planets founded in between the  
First and Second Great  
Migrations...

Davis leans back in his chair as he listens to the Medal.

FADE OUT